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FOLK-SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

OF collections and criticisms of the songs and poetry of the civil war in this country there is no lack. Newspaper files and popular song-books have been ransacked, as well as more pretentious volumes, and whatever possessed a modicum of what is termed "poetic merit" has been gathered with pious care. The standard in most cases has, naturally enough, been that of "polite literature," that of which the writers were persons of education, and who endeavored to express with more or less force a dominant sentiment in logical as well as grammatical form, and to embody their meaning in intelligent words. If popular songs, which did not fulfil these conditions, have been included, it has usually been with an apology for their uncouthness, or a contemptuous reference to their banality, and an intimation that they were forced into the pages of the collection, or upon the attention of the critic, because they could not be ignored in any representative collection of the poetry of the war. Nevertheless, it may be doubted if these uncouth rhymes, without sense or consecutive meaning, like "Dixie's Land" and "John Brown's Body," or the cheap sentimentality of "Just Before the Battle, Mother" and "When this Cruel War is Over," do not have something of the indefinable fascination on the printed page which they had to the ears of the men who sung them, and do not take a stronger hold upon the mind than the much more elegant and refined verses by which they are surrounded. Something of this may be due to the memory of those who heard them, and in whose minds they were the voice of the war, as the flags, the arms, and the uniforms were its visible insignia, but this does not entirely account for their fascination and permanence. There was something about them which endowed them with vital life, which gave them a hold upon every tongue and upon every heart, a quality distinct from obvious meaning, to say nothing of literary excellence, and which can only be described as the singing element. It was to accomplish this purpose, to relieve

the heart through the lungs, without reference to the mind, to emphasize and lighten the buoyant or weary march, and give voice to the pervading impulse, which kept these songs alive and made them a practical part of the war, as the sailor's "shantees" were a part of the life of the sea, and the negro choruses of the life of the plantation. This fascination may fade when the civil war becomes a matter of distant history, and "John Brown's Body" be no more than a set of unmeaning jingles to future generations, as "Lillibullero," which "sung King James out of three kingdoms," is to our own; but with their death will come a loss of a vital element of the war, as representing its living and human sentiment, and history will miss its function if it exclude them. How vital they were at the time may be seen from the fact that the attempts to supersede the unmeaning rhymes by words of substance and definite poetry had no effect, so far as their popular use was concerned, even when this was done with such magnificent success as in Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," or General Albert Pike's powerful lines to "Dixie." The people and the soldiers clung to the old choruses, and passed by with cold respect or indifference the deliberate and purely literary appeals to their feelings. There is, perhaps, a reason for this, which may be accounted for under the canons of literary criticism. A song is something different from a poem, and includes a dominant appeal to the ear, which may be even obstructed by elaborate meaning, and the simple and taking air is the essential thing. It is not always the case that a popular or national song is meaningless, as is shown in the "Marseillaise" and "Der Wacht am Rhein;" and, in our own war, Mr. James R. Randall's "My Maryland" was as popular in the Southern army as a song as it is vigorous and spirited as a piece of pure literature. But as a whole, songs which have been sung by large bodies of men, under stress of high excitement, have depended more upon their sound than their meaning for their vogue, and this would doubtless apply to the chants of the Crusaders as to the choruses of the Northern and Southern soldiers during the civil war. "God Save the King" does not compare with "Ye Mariners of England" in any element of poetry, yet the one is always sung and the latter never; and "Marching Through Georgia" depends upon its air rather than its commonplace words for its hold upon the martial heart. There was some good poetry written during the late civil war, although not much; and in the collections, as I have said, it is doubtful if the respectable verses, in which the incidents and feelings of the war were expressed with deliberate art, have the vitality, as they have not now the effect, of the rude rhymes and commonplace sentimentality of those songs which took hold of the hearts of the people, and were

the living voices of the war. Too often they had the contortions of patriotism without its inspiration, and were forcible-feeble in appeal, or, when they attempted to interpret the spirit of battle, rang false to the real feeling and knowledge of the soldier. To this there were brilliant exceptions, like Mr. Gibbons's "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," Mr. Henry Howard Brownell's naval poems, and Read's "Sheridan's Ride," but as a whole it must be confessed that the polite poetry of the civil war is rather dreary reading.

There was an immense amount of song-writing as well as of song-singing during the war, and under the stress of excitement and the gathering together of immense bodies of young and exuberant spirits the enthusiasm inevitably found a vent through the lungs. The illiterate poets were as busy as those of higher education; and those who did not seek their public through the pages of the fashionable magazine, or even the poet's corner of the country newspaper, but through the badly printed sheet of the penny street ballad, or through the mouth of the negro minstrel, contributed almost as largely to the poetry of the war as their brothers. Dime song-books containing a curious admixture of the common and the polite, the appropriate and the incongruous, were innumerable, and the poetry which is below literary criticism was equal in bulk to that which is within its scope. Actual soldiers and sailors also sometimes wrote of their battles and experiences, or expressed their feelings in more or less finished verse, and these found their way into print either in the ballad sheet or the newspaper. Most of those which were good in themselves, from their native force and vigor or from their power as songs, have been preserved, but there is an immense amount of this uncollected and unedited verse which has a very great value as illustrating the sentiments and condition of the people, the waves of popular feeling during various phases of the war, the impressions of notable incidents, and the estimates of prominent personages, and which tell, oftentimes more than the leading articles in the newspapers, how the common people were affected by the tremendous struggle. They have the interest, if no other, of the relics of arms and uniforms, and the tokens of the familiar life of a bygone age, and will one day be as valuable to the historian as the ballads of the civil war in England, which have been collected with so much care. In modern times and in civilized societies, the newspaper has taken the place of the street ballad as the record of historical events and the expression of political feeling, and Ireland is almost the only country where it now lingers in any quantity and force; but during such times of popular excitement, and the occurrence of great events involving the most intimate interests of the people, as during the civil war, the popular ballads resumed something of their former value as the expressions

of popular feeling. It would be a mistake to omit from consideration even those which were provided as a matter of professional business by the minstrels of the popular stage, who reflected the pervading sentiments of the time, and colored their rude comedy and cheap pathos with the thoughts and feelings aroused by the war.

Thousands of these street songs were issued, to have their temporary vogue and disappear. The principal publisher of the penny sheets was H. De Marsan, 34 Chatham Street, New York, and he appears to have had almost a monopoly of the trade. They were printed on coarse paper, with an emblematic border in colors representing the American flag, and with a soldier and sailor under arms. Some of the more successful songs were copyrighted and published with their music, but this appears to have made little difference to the enterprising Chatham Street publisher, for he included almost everything that was singable, old Revolutionary ballads, English naval songs, and some of the more finished American poems of the war, as well as Ethiopian melodies, and ballads obviously of original contribution. It would be interesting to know whether he kept a staff of poets, like Jemmy Catnach of Seven Dials, or whether, as is most probable, he simply took what he could find, and conferred the honors of print, without remuneration, upon voluntary contributors. The most numerous contributors, who bear the stamp of originality, naturally came from the Irish element in New York, who were familiar with the street ballad at home, and reproduced its form and sentiment for a similar audience. There are dozens of ballads relating to the exploits of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, an Irish organization in the New York State Guard, of which Michael Corcoran, an ex-member of the Irish constabulary, was colonel, and Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish revolutionist, and afterward a brigadier-general of volunteers, a captain. The regiment took part in the battle of Bull Run, during which Colonel Corcoran was taken prisoner and carried South. The bards were instantly inspired to sing the praises of the regiment and its commander, and ballads were written exactly reproducing the style and language of the Irish "Come all yez," as thus : —

Come all ye Gallant Heroes, along with me combine ;
 I 'll sing to you a ditty about the Glorious Sixty-Ninth.
 They are a band of Brothers, from Ireland they came ;
 They had a bold Commander, Michael Corcoran was his name.

In one or two of them there is an improvement on this very primitive verse, gleams of humor, and ebullitions of vigorous spirit. A song entitled "The Jolly Sixty-Ninth" has a rollicking rhythm and rude humor, of which the following is a specimen : —

It happened one fine day,
Down by the rajin say,
Quite convenient to the boilin' Gulf of Mexico,
That some chaps hauled down our flag,
And it through the dust did drag,
Swearin' it should never float on Fort Sumpter, O.

The author of a song entitled "Freedom's Guide" had a force and vigor which, with a little more polish and form, would have entitled him to a place in polite literature, and the real singable quality, which was, perhaps, of more importance : —

FREEDOM'S GUIDE.

Our country now is great and free,
And this forever it shall be.
We know the way — we know the way.
Though Southern foes may gather here,
We will protect what we hold dear.
We know the way.

Chorus. We know the way — we know the way.
Through Baltimore, hooray.
For our guide is Freedom's banner.
Hooray, hooray.
The way is through Baltimore.

The South shall see that we are true,
And that we know a thing or two.
We know the way — we know the way.
As Yankee boys we are at hand,
Our countless throngs shall fill the land.
We know the way.

From east to west, from south to north,
We 'll send our mighty legions forth.
We know the way — we know the way.
The freedom that our fathers won
Shall be defended by each son.
We know the way.

Then shout, then shout o'er hill and plain,
We will our country's rights maintain.
We know the way — we know the way.
We will always guard it with our might,
And keep steadfast in the right.
We know the way.

Old Jeff has now begun to lag,
He knows that we 'll stand by the flag.
We know the way — we know the way.
With Scott to guide us in the right,
We 'll show them how the Sixty-Ninth can fight.
We know the way.

An organization almost equally popular with the New York ballad-singers, in the early days of the war, was the "Fire Zouaves," recruited among the firemen of the metropolis, and which was expected to perform wonderful feats of daring and energy, from the character of its material. Its leader, Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, was killed by the landlord of a hotel in Alexandria, Va., while hauling down the rebel flag from the roof, and his death created a deep sensation from its dramatic character, and from the fact that it was among the earliest in the war. The elegies upon his death were numerous, as well as those in praise of the regiment itself. One of the latter, by Archibald Scott, whose name, contrary to the usual custom, was prefixed to the ballad, had a good deal of rude vigor, of which the following is a specimen : —

Shall ugly plugs of Baltimore,
Who come out with stones and staves,
Get leave our patriots' blood to pour,
And drive our soldiers from their shore ?
No, no ! by Hell, in flames shall roar
Their city first by York Zouaves !

Another phase of life in the cities, from that of the enthusiasm of the young men in marching to the war and the fervent appeals for enlistment, was that of the feelings of the women whose sons and husbands left their workshops to join the army. The grief was as bitter and the patriotism as sincere among the inmates of the crowded tenement houses and the narrow and barren homes of the families of the workingmen of New York as among their sisters in the farmhouses in the country, whose surroundings better lent themselves to the illumination of poetry, and it cost as much to put down the tin pail of the city laborer as for the farmer to

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade,

and even more in pinching poverty and lack of resource. But the griefs and sacrifices of these women of the city tenement and noisome alley have found no place in the genteel poetry of the war, and have only been expressed in the rude verse of the street ballad. Says one of them : —

It was in the month of April,
As I walked out one day,
I met a woman weeping
As I walked down Broadway.
She was weeping for her Johnny,
Her dear and only son,
Who joined the Northern army
To fight in Washington.

O, Johnny ! I gave you a schoolin',
I gave you a trade likewise,
And when you joined the Volunteers,
You know 't was my advice.

The New York ballad-writers were not entirely confined to the English language, the large foreign population furnishing recruits of all nations. There is not, so far as I have seen, any original German song devoted to the Union cause, but the "Red, White, and Blue," and other patriotic songs, were published in German text; and of Germanized-English songs, most if not all the product of variety theatre performers, there were a great many, including the extremely popular "I'm Going to Fight Mit Siegel."

Ven I comes from de Deutsche Countree,
I vorks somedimes at baking.
Den I keeps a lager bier saloon,
And den I goes shoemaking.
But now I vas a sojer man
To save the Yankee eagle,
To SCHLAUCH dem dam Southern folks,
I'm going to fight mit Siegel.

But this was no more representative of German sentiments than the "Whack-row-de-dow" Pats of the stage were of the Irish; and the German soldiers, when they sang in the vernacular, enlivened their foreign patriotism with the songs of the Fatherland. There was at least one French poet who appealed to his countrymen in their own language to rally to the cause of the Union. His production was as follows : —

VENGEONS LA PATRIE.

HYMNE PATRIOTIQUE, PAR GUSTAVE DIME, OUVRIER-ESTAMPEUR. AIR: "GLOIRE AUX MARTYRS VICTORIAUX."

APPEL AUX ARMES.

Debout fils de l'Union
Pour venges l'infamie
Faite a la nation,
Pour venger la Patrie,
La Constitution !
A bas Rébellion !
Debout, debout Americains,
Debout les armes a main.

L'OUTRAGE.

De Baltimore a Charleston,
De Richmond a Montgomery,
Le grand drapeau de Washington
Partout il fut souillie, flétri,

Du Fort Sumpter vengeons l'outrage
 Et en la sol de Virginie
 Sachions montrer notre courage
 En digne fils de la Patrie.

L'ASSASSINAT.

Le Sud in horrible furie
 DU POIGNARD DE LA TRAHISON.
 Perçant le cœur de la Patrie
 Proclamea la SECESSION.
 Mais le President héroïque
 Et l'Autorité, le Sénat,
 Sauront sauver la République
 Et cet infame Assassinat.

LE TRIOMPHE.

Gloire a ton nom, libre Amérique,
 Gloire a tes vaillant défenseurs
 Ils sauveront la République,
 Terrasseront tes oppresseurs.
 Ils volent tous a la victoire,
 Pour l'Union des Etats Unis.
 Ils reviendront couverts de gloire
 Et les traîtres SERONT PUNIS.

The "ouvrier-estampeur" was sufficiently energetic, but his song never became the Franco-American "Marseillaise."

As the war dragged its slow length along, demanding greater and greater sacrifices, and with its days of repulse and defeat for the Union armies, the feeling of universal enthusiasm gave way to discouragement, and there were not wanting in New York, among its heterogeneous population, elements of bitterness which culminated in the deadly and shameful outbreak of the draft riots. This feeling manifested itself in the street ballads, not so conspicuously as the previous enthusiasm, but enough to have attracted the attention of those who were watching the signs of popular feeling. "Copperheadism" had its bards as well as loyalty, although they were much fewer in number, and they cannot be omitted in an account of the folk-songs of the civil war. A rude jingle entitled "Johnny Fill Up The Bowl" gave the popular expression to this feeling:—

Abram Lincoln, what yer 'bout ?
 Hurrah, hurrah.
 Stop this war, for it's played out,
 Hurrah, hurrah.

Abram Lincoln, what yer 'bout ?
 Stop this war, for it's played out.
 We 'll all drink stone-blind,
 Johnny fill up the bowl.

The pages of the dime song-books at this time contained a number of songs in opposition to the draft, expressing hatred to the negro, and a demand for the stoppage of the war, of which the following is an example : —

THE BEAUTIES OF CONSCRIPTION.

And this the "people's sovereignty,"
Before a despot humbled,
Lies in the dust 'neath power unjust,
With crown and sceptre crumbled.
Their brows distained — like felons chained
To negroes called "their betters,"
Their whinings drowned in "Old John Brown,"
Poor *sovereigns* wearing fetters.
Hurrah for the Conscription,
American Conscription !
Well have they cashed old Lincoln's drafts,
Hurrah for the Conscription !

Some think the hideous spectacle
Should move the heart to sadness,
That fetters ought — oh silly thought ! —
Sting freemen's hearts to madness.
When has the stock of Plymouth rock
Been melted to compunction ?
As for Provos, the wide world knows
That chaining is their function.
Hurrah for the Conscription,
American Conscription,
And for the stock of Plymouth rock,
Whence sprung this new Conscription !

What matter if you're *sandwiched* in
A host of sable fellows,
Well-flavored men, your kith and kin,
As Abe and Sumner tell us ?
Is not the war — this *murder* — for
The negro, *volens volens* ?
For every three now killed of ye
There's just a negro stolen.
And then ye have Conscription,
American Conscription.
Your blood must flow for this, you know.
Hurrah for the Conscription !

The songs written by the soldiers and sailors themselves, descriptive of their engagements, or incidents of camp and march, or expressing their feelings, were not many, either in folk-ballads or finished poetry. Major J. W. De Forrest's powerful verses, "In Louisiana," are almost the only specimen of the latter, and there are but few of the ruder ballads. It may have been because the sol-

diers and sailors were too much occupied, and that the life in camp and on shipboard was not favorable to poetical reverie, although there were many hours on picket or watch which might have been thus employed; but the fact remains that there was more carving of bone rings than of verses, and more singing than writing in the army and navy. There was not an absolute dearth, however, and the soldiers and sailors sometimes told their own stories or expressed their own feelings in verse. One of the best of these was written during the early days of the war by H. Millard, a member of Company A, Seventy-first Regiment, concerning the march from Annapolis to the Junction, and has the genuine flavor of soldiership as well as a fine spirit of *camaraderie*. It is entitled "Only Nine Miles to the Junction:" —

The Rhode Island boys were posted along
 On the road from Annapolis station,
 As the Seventy-First Regiment, one thousand strong,
 Went on in defence of the nation.
 We'd been marching all day in the sun's scorching ray,
 With two biscuits each as a ration,
 When we asked Gov. Sprague to show us the way,
 And "How many miles to the Junction?"
 How many miles — how many miles,
 And how many miles to the Junction;
 When we asked Gov. Sprague to show us the way,
 And "How many miles to the Junction?"

The Rhode Island boys cheered us on out of sight,
 After giving the following injunction:
 "Just keep your courage, you'll come out all right,
 For it's only nine miles to the Junction."
 They gave us hot coffee, a grasp of the hand,
 Which cheered and refreshed our exhaustion;
 We reached in six hours the long-promised land,
 For 't was only nine miles to the Junction.

There were not many attempts to describe the battles in which the soldiers took part, and they were left to the poets, who did not see them, and had to depend, not very successfully, upon their imagination. There was, however, a ballad of the Seven Days' Fight before Richmond, evidently written by a soldier, and of some force and vigor. It begins: —

Away down in old Virginny many months ago,
 McClellan made a movement and made it very slow.
 The Rebel Generals found it out and pitched into our rear
 They caught the very devil, for they found old Kearney there.
 In the old Virginny low-lands, low-lands,
 The old Virginny low-lands, low.

The bard details the fights as though they were a succession of

Union victories, and concludes with a defence of General McClellan : —

Now all you politicians a word I have for you,
Just let our little Mac alone, for he is tried and true ;
For you have found out lately that he is our only hope,
For twice he saved the Capitol, likewise McDowell and Pope.

The enthusiasm aroused by General McClellan among the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac had no counterpart in regard to any other commander, was proof against failure and defeat, and lingered, to a certain extent, even to the close of the war. His removal caused a great deal of indignation, and called out a good many protests, and appeals for his restoration. A song, "Give Us Back Our Old Commander," was a good deal sung at the time : —

Give us back our old Commander,
Little Mac, the people's pride ;
Let the army and the nation
In their choice be satisfied.
With McClellan as our leader,
Let us strike the blow anew ;
Give us back our old Commander,
He will see the battle through.
Give us back our old Commander,
Let him manage, let him plan ;
With McClellan as our leader,
We can wish no better man.

The very rollicking and nonsensical chorus of "Bummers Come and Meet Us," belongs to this period, and was almost as popular as "John Brown's Body," fulfilling amply and simply the conditions for relieving the lungs. Like the sailors' "shantees" and the plantation choruses, it was capable of indefinite extension and improvisation. The following is a specimen of its construction : —

McClellan is our leader, we 've had our last retreat,
McClellan is our leader, we 've had our last retreat,
McClellan is our leader, we 've had our last retreat,
We 'll now go marching on.

Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
As we go marching on ?

The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweethearts in the North,
The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweethearts in the North,
The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweethearts in the North,
Smile on us as we march.

Oh sweethearts, don't forget us,
Oh sweethearts, don't forget us,
Oh sweethearts, don't forget us,
We 'll soon come marching home.

A seaman on board the *Vandalia*, one of the ships engaged in the capture of Port Royal, wrote a description of the engagement, which has considerable of the light of battle in it. It is entitled : —

THE PORT ROYAL DANCE.

Behold our glorious banner floats gayly in the air,
But four hours hence base traitors swore we could not plant it there ;
But brave Dupont he led us on to fight the vaunting foe,
And soon the rebel standard was in the dust laid low.

Whack row de dow,
How are you, old Port Royal ?
Whack row de dow,
How are you, Secesh ?

When we were seen advancing they laughed with foolish pride,
And said that soon our Northern fleet they 'd sink beneath the tide ;
And with their guns trained carefully they waited our advance,
And the gallant Wabash soon struck up the music of the dance.

The Susquehanna next in line delivered her broadside,
With deadly aim each shot was sent and well each gun was plied ;
And still our gallant ships advanced, and each one, as she passed,
Poured in her deadly messengers, and the foe fell thick and fast.

Each ship advanced in order, each captain wore a smile,
Until the famed *Vandalia* brought up the rear in style,
And as our guns were shortest we balanced to the right,
And brought us to the enemy the closest in the fight.

Then round the room (Port Royal bay) we took a Highland Fling,
And showed them in Fort Walker what loud music we could sing.
And then we poured in our broadsides that brought their courage low,
And o'er the rebel batteries soon our Union flag did flow.

Three cheers for gallant Haggerty, he led us safely through ;
And three for our loved Whiting, he is the real true blue.
Success to every officer who fought with us that day ;
Together may we pass unscathed through many a gallant fray.

A health to every gallant tar who did his duty well,
Peace to the ashes of the dead who nobly fighting fell.
'T was in a glorious cause they died, the Union to maintain.
We who are left, when called upon, will try it o'er again.

Some of the disagreeable features of a soldier's duty and camp life were dealt with by the soldiers in the spirit of humorous exaggeration, which was as much an evidence of high spirits as the enthusiastic choruses. A camp poet thus relieves his feelings in regard to the exercise of "double quick : " —

Since I became a volunteer things have went rather queer ;
Some say I 'm a three months' man, and others a three years' volunteer.

With plenty of likes and dislikes to all I have to stick;
There 's plenty of pork, salt horse, and plenty of Double-Quick.
 Oh, I 'm miserable, I 'm miserable,
 To all I 'll have to stick.
The old salt horse is passable,
 But d——n the Double-Quick.

If a friend should call to see you the men have a pretty game,
They call him paymaster, obstacle, or some such kind of a name.
They chase him around the camp; it 's enough to make him sick
To try and teach him discipline by giving him Double-Quick.

You may feel rather hungry, almost in a starving state,
And you wish to get your dinner first, all ready with your plate;
There 's always others just the same, waiting for the lick;
To be the twentieth one, you must travel Double-Quick.

Once upon every Sunday to church you must always go,
Your bayonet by your side in case you should meet the foe;
And when the service was ended it was called the moral trick
To drive you back to your camp at a pleasant Double-Quick.

Each day there are just twelve roll-calls to keep you in the camp;
If off three rods the bugle sounds, back you will have to tramp,
And, if you chance to miss, why, you are a poor, gone chick, —
Fourteen bricks in your knapsack, and four hours Double-Quick.

Now, all you chaps who would enlist, don't leap before you look,
And, if you wish to fight for the Union, go on your own hook,
For, if a soldier you become, it will be your last kick,
To the devil you will surely be drove headlong Double-Quick.

The Southern poetry of the civil war was even more rhetorical and stilted than that of the North. Its literary culture was more provincial, and its style a great deal more inflated and artificial. It was the "foemen" that were to meet instead of the enemy, and "gore" instead of blood that was to be shed; and there was a great deal about the "clank of the tyrant's chain," and the "blood-stained sword," and such other fuliginous figures of speech. Sometimes there was a good deal of force behind this sounding rhetoric, as in Henry Timrod's "A Call to Arms" and in James R. Randall's "There's Life in the Old Land Yet," but for the most part it had an air of bombast and turgidity, which would have given a false impression in regard to the real spirit of determination among the Southern people, if one had only judged by its inflated expression. The pages of the "Southern Amaranth," and other collections of rebel poetry, give the impression of having been written by school-boys, and contain little but sophomoric rhetoric of the most sounding and inflated description. That it had a fiery energy and an invincible determination behind it was abundantly shown, but the

voice of the South in its polite literature was one of inflated extravagance. Nevertheless it produced the most manly and vigorous song of the whole war in Dr. J. W. Palmer's "Stonewall Jackson's Way ;" and some verses appeared in a Richmond paper in 1861, entitled "Call All," which have a fiery energy and directness unsurpassed, and were in the genuine language of the people : —

CALL ALL.

Whoop ! the Doodles have broken loose,
Roaring around like the very deuce.
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack ;
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back,

Bull-dog, terrier, cur, and fice,
Back to the beggarly land of ice.
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear,
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky is caved from under ;
Tennessee is split asunder,
Alabama awaits attack,
And Georgia bristles up her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone,
Still his spirit is marching on, —
Lantern-jawed, and legs, my boys,
Long as an ape's from Illinois.

Want a weapon ? Gather a brick,
A club or cudgel, a stone or stick,
Anything with a blade or butt,
Anything that can cleave or cut ;

Anything heavy, or hard, or keen ;
Any sort of slaying machine ;
Anything with a willing mind
And the steady arm of a man behind.

Want a weapon ? Why, capture one ;
Every Doodle has got a gun,
Belt and bayonet, bright and new.
Kill a Doodle and capture two !

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire,
All, call all ! to the feast of fire,
Mother and maiden, child and slave,
A common triumph or a single grave.

The street ballad did not exist in the South, so far as I can discover, and the popular song-books were very few in comparison with those of the North. There were some, however, printed on discolored paper, and with worn-out type. Among them were "The New

Confederate Flag Songster," S. C. Griggs, Mobile ; "The General Lee Songster," John C. Schreiner & Son, Macon and Savannah ; "The Jack Morgan Songster," compiled by a captain in General Lee's army ; and "Songs of Love and Liberty," compiled by a North Carolina lady, Raleigh, 1864. Like the Northern song-books, they contained an admixture of the popular negro melodies with the songs of the war, and there are but few instances of any genuine and native expression. The song which gave the title to "The Jack Morgan Songster," however, has a good deal of force and vigor, and was evidently written by the camp fire. It is entitled "Three Cheers for our Jack Morgan : " —

The snow is in the cloud,
And night is gathering o'er us,
The winds are piping loud,
And fan the flame before us.
Then join the jovial band,
And tune the vocal organ,
And with a will we 'll all join in
Three cheers for our Jack Morgan.

(Chorus.) Gather round the camp fire,
Our duty has been done,
Let's gather round the camp fire
And have a little fun.
Let's gather round the camp fire,
Our duty has been done,
'T was done upon the battle-field,
Three cheers for our Jack Morgan.

Jack Morgan is his name,
The peerless and the lucky;
No dastard foe can tame
The son of old Kentucky.
His heart is with his State,
He fights for Southern freedom ;
His men their General's word await,
They 'll follow where he 'll lead 'em.

He swore to free his home,
To burst her chains asunder,
With sound of trump and drum
And loud Confederate thunder.
And in the darksome night,
By light of homestead's burning,
He puts the skulking foe to flight,
Their hearts to wailings turning.

The dungeon, dark and cold,
Could not his body prison,
Nor tame a spirit bold
That o'er reverse had risen.

Then sing the song of joy,
 Our toast is lovely woman,
 And Morgan he 's the gallant boy
 To plague the hated foeman.

The tone of the Southern songs was not only a good deal more ferocious and savage than that of those of the North, but there were fewer indications of that spirit of humor which pervaded the Northern camps, and found expression in the soldiers' songs. There is, however, one Southern piece of verse, descriptive of the emotions of the newly drafted conscript, which has an original flavor of comicality, although evidently inspired by the spirit of "Yankee Doodle:"—

THE VALIANT CONSCRIPT.

How are you, boys? I 'm just from camp,
 And feel as brave as Cæsar;
 The sound of bugle, drum and fife,
 Has raised my Ebenezer.
 I 'm full of fight, odds shot and shell,
 I 'll leap into the saddle,
 And when the Yankees see me come,
 Lord, how they will skedaddle!

Hold up your head, up, Shanghai, Shanks,
 Don't shake your knees and blink so,
 It is no time to dodge the act;
 Brave comrades, don't you think so?

I was a ploughboy in the field,
 A gawky, lazy dodger,
 When came the conscript officer
 And took me for a sodger.
 He put a musket in my hand,
 And showed me how to fire it;
 I marched and countermarched all day;
 Lord, how I did admire it!

With corn and hog fat for my food,
 And digging, guarding, drilling,
 I got as thin as twice-skimmed milk,
 And was scarcely worth the killing.
 And now I 'm used to homely fare,
 My skin as tough as leather,
 I do guard duty cheerfully
 In every kind of weather.

I 'm brimful of fight, my boys,
 I would not give a "thank ye"
 For all the smiles the girls can give
 Until I 've killed a Yankee.

High private is a glorious rank,
There's wide room for promotion ;
I 'll get a corporal's stripes some day,
When fortune 's in the notion.

'T is true I have not seen a fight,
Nor have I smelt gunpowder,
But then the way I 'll pepper 'em
Will be a sin to chowder.
A sergeant's stripes I now will sport,
Perhaps be color-bearer,
And then a captain — good for me —
I 'll be a regular tearer.

I 'll then begin to wear the stars,
And then the wreaths of glory,
Until the army I command,
And poets sing my story.
Our Congress will pass votes of thanks
To him who rose from zero,
The people in a mass will shout,
Hurrah, behold the hero !
(Fires his gun by accident.)

What 's that ? oh dear ! a boiler 's burst,
A gaspipe has exploded,
Maybe the Yankees are hard by
With muskets ready loaded.
On, gallant soldiers, beat 'em back,
I 'll join you in the frolic,
But I 've a chill from head to foot,
And symptoms of the colic.

The spirit of the Southern women is well known to have been as vigorous and determined as that of their brothers, and the sacrifices which they were compelled to make were much more severe and general than at the North. They had been dependent upon the North and foreign countries for clothing and the luxuries of the household, and when these sources of supply were cut off by the war and the blockade, they had to make and sew their own homespun dresses, and forego all the delights of fashion and adornment. The sacrifices and devotion of the daughters of the South were sung in turgid rhetoric, like the threats and appeals of the men, but here is a genuine voice, evidently a woman's own, which speaks for her sisters in their homelier trials, as well as in their deeper emotions : —

THE SOUTHERN GIRL'S SONG.

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.

We envy not the Northern girl
 With robes of beauty rare,
 Though diamonds grace her snowy neck
 And pearls bedeck her hair.

Hurrah, hurrah,
 For the sunny South so dear.
 Three cheers for the homespun dress
 That Southern ladies wear !

The homespun dress is plain, I know,
 My hat 's palmetto, too,
 But then it shows what Southern girls
 For Southern rights will do.
 We have sent the bravest of our land
 To battle with the foe,
 And we will lend a helping hand ;
 We love the South, you know.

Now, Northern goods are out of date,
 And since old Abe's blockade,
 We Southern girls can be content
 With goods that 's Southern made.
 We sent our sweethearts to the war,
 But, dear girls, never mind,
 Your soldier love will ne'er forget
 The girl he left behind.

The soldier is the lad for me,
 A brave heart I adore ;
 And when the sunny South is free,
 And when the fight is no more,
 I 'll choose me then a lover brave
 From out the gallant band ;
 The soldier lad I love the best
 Shall have my heart and hand.

The Southern land 's a glorious land,
 And has a glorious cause ;
 Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights
 And for the Southern boys.
 We 'll scorn to wear a bit of silk,
 A bit of Northern lace ;
 And make our homespun dresses up,
 And wear them with such grace.

And now, young men, a word to you :
 If you would win the fair,
 Go to the field where honor calls
 And win your lady there.
 Remember that our brightest smiles
 Are for the true and brave,
 And that our tears are all for those
 Who fill a soldier's grave.

The folk-songs of the civil war, in which millions were engaged and which lasted for four years, do not compare in quality with those which much lighter struggles have produced, notably the Jacobite rebellion in Scotland. The Americans were not a singing people in the bent of their genius, and the conditions of life and civilization were not favorable to this form of expression. The newspaper had taken the place of the ballad as a means of influencing the public mind, and poetry had passed from the people to the literary artists. So when the great crisis of the civil war came, affecting all minds and all hearts, the people were unfamiliar with this mode of expression, and the literary artists had not the power to interpret their feelings except in their own artificial forms without touching the heart or giving vital meaning to the voice. The accident of the combination of genius with this sincerity, which produced "La Marseillaise" and "Der Wacht am Rhein," did not occur, so that the great struggle is without an equally great song embodying and interpreting the spirit of the nation, and whatever fine poems and songs there were distinctly fall below this ideal. But in such a struggle the voice of the people could not fail to find expression by the means which the history of mankind has shown to be the most natural expression of emotion and enthusiasm, and their songs, however imperfect, either as literature or popular poetry, are the most genuine expression of the feelings and thoughts which filled their hearts and minds, and have a genuineness which inform the rude or inadequate words, and are a most important illustration of the history of that tremendous conflict.

Alfred M. Williams.